Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it,
Herauld. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.
Glos. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.

Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
Burb. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
Bur. I bearing me, I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.
Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.
Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

Con. By

Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay
Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs
Or. He longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he killes
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said w
Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O sir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that proue
With a logge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is si
The most actiue Gentleman of *Fra*
Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard o
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer
Or. I hold him to be exceeding va
Con. I was told so by one that kno
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe
And said he cared not who knew it.
Or. Well who will go with me to
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your
Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My Lords, the English lye
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the gro
Mess. The Lord *Granpeere.*
Con. A valiant man, a. an expert
Come, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)